

*The*  
**SWIFT**

*A Review of Current Events*

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THE MAGAZINE OF No. 39 S.F.T.S., ROYAL AIR FORCE, SWIFT CURRENT

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as much as  
ours.

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to help.

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are most  
urgently  
needed!

Number 1

May 1942

# The Swift

## *A Review of Current Events*



The Magazine of No. 39 S.F.T.S., Royal Air Force

Published by Kind Permission of the Commanding Officer

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*Editorial Committee—Squadron Leader F. V. Carpenter (Editor);  
Corporal B. Blakeley (Assistant Editor); Flight Sergeant A. G. Cooper  
(Advertising and Business Manager)*

Contributions are urgently requested, so that this Magazine may function as a Monthly. Please don't leave it to others, do something yourself.

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# Editorial

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Too much time has elapsed between the first notice appearing in Daily Routine Orders announcing the fact that it was proposed to publish a magazine, and the actual fulfilment of that object. Contributions have been slow and it has been difficult to awaken interest. To the loyalists who have worked hard and helped us to bring out this first number, we are most grateful. As one Swallow does not make a Summer, neither does One Swift make a volume. Let there be many Swifts—help us to lay the eggs, help us to hatch them and let none of them be addled; so that when we return we may take with us a record of our months on the bald prairie. (Did we say months?) To those of us who have made pleasant contacts in Swift

Current, these records will be a source of pleasure, in remembrance of things past. There are many of us who feel resentful at being in this—to all intents and purposes—safest of all theatres of operations, having left our wives and sweethearts to carry on the Battle of Britain, and our friends to do the real jobs of war, in other parts of the world.

It must be remembered that this British Commonwealth Air Training Plan is of tremendous importance and that, whatever we, personally, feel about it, it is one of the chief factors on which victory will depend. The course of events has proved that Air Power is of paramount importance. Here, we are helping, in no small measure, to build that Power.

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**R.A.F.**

**No. 39 S.F.T.S.**

## Greetings

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**HARRY SHAW**



***Men's Wear***

# Commanding Officer's Comments

By Wing Commander J. H. Slater, A.F.C.

In this our first edition let my first words be of thanks to our generous Canadian hosts in Swift Current who have worked so hard and so successfully to make their hospitality take the place of our much mourned home-comforts. Without their kindness Christmas 1941 would have been gloomy indeed to many of us.

Now after five months of spade work we have a Station that is beginning to look as we would like it to look. Much remains to be done, but if we all do our part we shall soon have a station to be really proud of.

I am most anxious that every form of sport that can be played here be supported strongly—the success of any overseas station depends so much on co-operative effort, particularly in sports and station entertainments.

In our job here which is, of course, of primary importance I feel proud that all ranks worked so well and successfully during March to attain such outstanding flying times. If we can keep up this standard we shall undoubtedly become the leading school in the West.

Finally let me ask for a really big effort to make "The Swift" a success. So many of these magazines are humdrum and unimpressive because too few people try to help them. Don't decide for yourself that you have no talent. Have a try at it, articles, jokes, lino-cuts, things we should like to know, anything, in fact, that might entertain and give the editors a chance to stagger you by accepting your work.



## Sports

By P/O Petty



"When in Rome do as Rome does" perhaps was the main principle which guided us on our arrival at the new station in a land of apparently strange games to those which we had been used to in England. Nevertheless we girded up our loins and determined to do our best come what may.

First the popular game of Ice Hockey, proved no less popular at 39, and with the building of the Rink and the acquisition of Equipment we began our first venture. It is best to have high ideals so we entered two teams in the local Swift Current League, thinking to beat the Canucks at their own game. Matches were played on our rink, on the open-air rink in town and the teams both had the opportunity of playing on the Citizen's Rink, the hunting grounds of the Indians. The Canadian Security Guard team excelled themselves by winning all of their matches except one, under the able coaching

of "Shadow" Mckee. In addition AC Huletsky proved good enough to don the Swift Current Indian sweater on three occasions as right winger for the City team.

The British team under the charge of F/O Forrester-Paton, and captained by AC Rae, put up some striking "stick" exhibitions locally and also at Cabri and Gull Lake and though suffering defeat they gained a reputation for sportsmanship, keenness and grit which made them ever welcome wherever they played. Though beginning the season late we hope to profit immensely by the experience gained so that the Station teams will appear at the head of the schedules next season.

In **Basketball** the season began with an exhibition by the Collegiate and Kinetic Clubs in the Recreational Hall and shortly afterwards the Inter-Hut competitions began. Matches were played three nights per week and some fine games were seen between the

huts. Up to press Hut 11A and 12B were leading the competition. In addition the Station Basketball Team, composed of Officers and Airmen, played the team from the local detachment of the Canadian Mounted Police and the present score stands at one apiece. We won the first match 26 to 25 and lost the second 30 to 22. Playoffs are between Huts 11A and the Officers Mess, Hut 12B and 13A to decide the champions.

In Badminton there was a large response at the beginning of the season which gradually developed until a real nucleus was formed. The main difficulty was the obtaining of shuttlecocks in a dwindling market. A Badminton Trophy was put up for a Singles Tournament but the winner has to press not been decided.

#### THE SHAPE OF THINGS TO COME

With the advent of Spring and now the ground is no longer covered with snow, an "invasion" has begun in the Sports Office. Airmen with an accent from the North of the Border, come in and ask in a strange tongue for "a pair o' Soccer boots and a wee ball." They will be glad to learn that two new pitches have been selected in the camp and soon Soccer posts and Rugger posts will be rearing their heads. The latter news will satisfy our friends from Wales, who always tie their Leek on the posts at Twickenham.

Inter-section matches will be played weekly in a regular Tournament it is expected in both sports, and if there is sufficient demand a Hockey pitch will be marked too. There is a combined Soccer and Rugger pitch in the City which we may be able to use weekly for matches both Intersection and between the Station Teams and teams from nearby stations and towns.

For those men who are interested Softball, a game very similar to American Baseball,

will also be started as we wish to enter a team from the camp in the Local Softball League. This will be of particular interest to the Canadian Airmen at the camp but it is hoped that all will join in.

W.P.

*Cafe*  
**ELITE**  
 THE BETTER PLACE  
 TO EAT

#### THINGS WE WANT TO KNOW

Who was the Senior Officer who was "put out" when the Lady's husband returned?

Who was the Senior Officer who lost his braces—and where did he lose them—and how? ? ?

Who was the U/T Pilot who thought his aircraft was fitted with sleigh runners and didn't trouble to lower his "undercart" ? ? ?

Who was the "sprog" who had his groin massaged by an over enthusiastic amateur masseur, and does he still feel the pain,—and how—and where—? ? ?



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# The Parish Pump

By The Padre

The first thing on the Padre's page is to hand out a few well-earned bouquets:—to Workshops, for making some excellent Church furniture which greatly improves the appearance and atmosphere at the Station services, and especially to the airman who shyly climbed into the pulpit and stood there to let the padre see whether his own head was going to appear over the top of the thing when the time came to preach from it:

to the officers who subscribed in large numbers for fresh flowers each Sunday for the services and to a certain ubiquitous and ever-helpful Mess Steward who arranges them:

to the pianists, both officers and airmen, who have played the hymns each Sunday, even when nobody sang them:

to the Y.M.C.A. who have arranged for sweet music off, from organ records loaned by F/O Harding:

to two Corporals in Works and Bricks and their helpers, who, after a full day's work, have made and painted Ping-Pong tables and other games equipment:

and to numerous other people, who have done things they did not exactly have to do, but which makes a Station run better.

If we can just get a Station Church now, with flowers round it in the summer time, and a bell made out of an old oil-cooler, we'll be all right.

Judging by the thriving business done by the Education Officer, the Station should be a good deal wiser now than when it landed here. Over 50 are taking correspondence courses in English Literature, Mathematics, Music, Electricity, Shorthand, and other subjects, while, on a higher level, two are enrolled with the University of Saskatchewan in Economics, five are interested in Advanced Radio, one in Textile Chemistry, two in Architecture and one in the examinations for Chartered Accountant. The textbooks purchased for the use of those studying now number 43, and new books added to the YMCA Station Library of technical or general interest amount to 41. These include Jan Valtin's "Out of the Night", Amleto Vespa's "Secret Agent of Japan", John Gunther's "Inside Latin America" and H. V. Morton's "In the Steps of the Master" as well as books on Art and Photography.

The telephone exchange is evidently the place to be located in this Unit, for one is on the inside line there. By the time this

appears in print a lucky airman who works there will have been united in marriage to a Swift Current girl. An officer, however, took off dual just before him the other day in Regina; and we heard something about an arch of triumph control-columns supplied outside the church by hilarious brother-officers. To both F/O Goldie and AC Maguire we offer heartiest congratulations and best wishes. The legend on the Goldies' wedding chariot read: "YOU'VE GOT HER."

What with the new Hostess Hut, the Air Cadets, the Canadian Legion, the hospitality of the churches and various homes down town, St. Patrick's, St. David's and St. Andrew's Days and dances, pleasant connections between 39 SFTS and Swift Current are growing, and we have cause to be very grateful for the generosity of our hosts in this country. And who would like arrangements made for short or long leave or sick leave should see the padre. He cannot guarantee a home such as the one discovered by an airman who announced breathlessly on his return that "one of the daughters was a natural blonde, Sir"; but he will do his best. There is only one condition, and that is that anyone who goes to a home should remember that Saskatchewan judges the Royal Air Force, not by what they read of the Air Marshals in London, but by what they see of 000000 AC John Erk.

There is no space to say much about the successful Station Concert or the newly-started Miniature Rifle Club. But we welcome these ventures and especially The Swift, our Station Magazine, for they all help to create that intangible but very necessary commodity, esprit de corps.

We came from all over the place. We are slowly but steadily becoming more unified and welded into a fairly competent instrument. It is up to all of us.

The danger, as always, to a Unit or a democracy, is the gentle art of scrounge, the practice, by some elevated to a science, of doing the minimum work in the maximum time, and the popular parlour game of You Hold the Baby or Passing the Buck.

Some of us would like to be a good deal nearer the scene of operations. But to fly or service a plane, or keep a station running in Britain is like writing one letter. To do the same things here is like operating a mimeograph which turns out thousands of letters instead of one. And this is a war of

mass-production, whether we like it or not. We have been given space, peace and good conditions to work in—if you don't count the chlorine in the water. There is a lot of hard work being done, and signs are to be seen of a determination to make this the best RAF unit in Canada. We must see to it that no one sabotages this effort by private frictions or private off-course objectives.

Daphne du Maurier says in her book, "Come Wind, Come Weather": "When the present war started the first thought of nearly every man and woman . . . was, 'How is this war going to affect me?' The thought, if not particularly gallant, was a natural one, because our present civilization and way of living have so influenced human nature that

our own personal problems are more vital to us than the problems of other people. . . . It is difficult to imagine Drake and Raleigh and Sir Philip Sidney talking about 'Safety First'. . . . I do not for a moment suggest that these men were better than the men of our present century. They were often cruel, coarse and had unpleasant personal habits; but there was a certain selfless gallantry about them that makes our own caution a poor thing in comparison. They lived and loved and fought and died, they had faith in the destiny of their country, and they had faith in God. I cannot believe that the men and women of those days said, 'How is the war going to affect me?' when the Spanish Armada put forth from Cadiz Bay. They would have sworn in rich Elizabethan words which are not, alas, at my disposal, 'How can I affect the Spanish Armada?'"

It is harder, perhaps, for us to persist in affecting the air armadas of the present foe at a distance; but we can do it. And we can do it better if our ideals are kept burnished.  
W.S.M.



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# The Deserter

## A Short Story

**A**RTHUR JOHNSON, one-time member of the Royal Air Force, and for the past three months a deserter from that service, walked slowly through the park of an Eastern city, and though on the surface he appeared in no way different to the other people taking the air, an observant watcher would have noticed two peculiarities. For a casual stroller, his eyes were curiously alert and watchful, and his whole body was braced and taut, as though every passer-by was an enemy and every brush and tree a lurking danger.

None of the people he passed, however, gave even so much as a second glance, and as he came to the centre of the park, he turned to the left up a quiet path, and sitting down on a bench, tilted his hat over his eyes, and ruminated on his position.

His position, he admitted, was desperate, and this morning he realized that a crisis had been passed which would make everything different in the future. He had, only a few hours before, paid his last few dollars to his landlady, and his stomach reminded him that he had not eaten for nearly forty-eight hours. It was as though he had crossed the border into a new territory where all the rules were changed.

He remembered with gem-like clearness, that day months ago, when he had first decided to desert. It was not that anything dramatic or sensational had occurred on that particular day. The idea had flashed into his mind for no apparent reason, and though he had arrived at no actual decision then, he realized now that the first step had been taken from that moment. He had deserted quite cold-bloodedly, and had even extracted a certain amount of mental satisfaction in logically assessing the chances and possibilities of detection. He had always loathed the life in the service with a bitterness that he could never explain even to himself, and the fact that his desertion would preclude any possibility of returning to England, weighed with him not at all. It was true that he was engaged to a girl back there, but it was an attachment he had drifted into more than anything else, and he would not be sorry to be rid of it.

He had made his plans carefully after coming to a final decision, and quite unhurriedly he made all arrangements. He must have money and clothes, he had decided, and he considered his best plan would be to make for the Eastern States, where he could pass unobserved in the crowds of the big cities.

Fortunately he had a fair amount of money (had he been unconsciously saving this, he wondered) and he had civilian clothes brought with him from England, and even a hat which he had stolen from a workman on the camp.

He waited until the time came for his week-

end pass, as that would give him a clear forty-eight hours before his absence was reported. You can travel a long way in that time, he had reflected. For another thing, if he was going off for the week-end, the fact that he was carrying a case would excite no comment.

Everything worked as he had planned. He had taken a ticket to a town fifty miles away, proposing to stay there for the night and to continue his journey next day. In this way, if anyone had noticed him, his real destination would not be disclosed.

As soon as he was on the train, he had locked himself in the lavatory and quickly changed into his civilian clothes, putting his uniform in the case instead. Really, it was too ridiculously simple. He had been in uniform so long that the civilian clothes felt strange, but examining himself in the mirror, he was surprised at the difference they made in his appearance.

After a night at a quiet hotel, next day he caught the east-bound train. He was growing accustomed to the strangeness of his clothes, and his nervousness was wearing off. In any case, there was always the Voice over his shoulder—always reassuring, comforting, applauding his fine resolution. "Of course, you'll do it. Don't worry. You'll make fools of the lot of them. It takes courage to do what you have done."

When he arrived at the city, he had found a quiet lodging-house and given some plausible story about being on holiday. Not that the woman was interested—beyond the rent.

But it did not go exactly as he had planned it at the beginning. For one thing he had planned to get a job, as obviously he could not live on his capital indefinitely. But, he had had to admit to himself that he could not screw up sufficient courage to do it. Too many questions might be asked, too many particulars demanded. "Where have you worked before, what kind of work have you done, who was your last employer?" And what of his English accent? Wouldn't that arouse suspicion? Better leave it until he had found his feet. The Voice was most annoyed and told him not to be a fool, but he ignored it, comforting himself with the thought that perhaps something would turn up without any effort on his part.

Sitting on the bench with the sun shining on his face, he admitted to himself that it had not been as easy as he had once imagined. If only he could get rid of that feeling that everyone was watching him, that every passer-by had a sinister look. He remembered that many times he had slipped into a cafe because he had felt uneasy walking the streets, even though the Voice had jeered at his cowardice. Even then, when he had ordered an unnecessary cup of coffee, he was still uneasy. Wasn't

the proprietor looking at him furtively when his head was turned away? And wouldn't he be better walking the streets among the crowds? And he had finished his coffee at a gulp, thrown a dime on the counter, and then rushed out. Once outside he had cursed himself heartily.

The time had arrived when his money was almost gone and for days before that he had cut his meals down to a minimum and fed at the cheapest restaurants. He could hardly remember a time when he had not felt hungry, and he was constantly tempted to spend his last few dollars and then try to impress his landlady with a hard-luck story. She wasn't the right type though, he had decided. Most likely send for the police.

That morning he had paid his rent, leaving himself exactly three cents, and left with as vague a story as when he arrived. Not that the landlady was interested—beyond the rent.

Something would have to be done. If only he didn't feel so sick and hungry, and if only the Voice would keep quiet. No longer was it reassuring and admiring, but jeering, sarcastic, abusive. "Why didn't you get a job weeks ago? What are you going to do? Bah, you—the clever one."

He pulled himself up from the seat. Something would have to be done, even if it was only to stop this sickly pain in his stomach, the giddiness, the trembling in his knees. He would walk down Main Street. Perhaps one of the cafes wanted another hand, or perhaps they would let him wash a few dishes in exchange for a meal.

As he walked down Main Street, his head felt curiously light and his feet had no sensation of striking a hard pavement but of sinking into the soft pile of a carpet. The traffic sounds seemed to come from a great distance and he had an insane desire to giggle at some of the passers-by. He noticed, too, in a strangely detached way, that he was not walking very straight, and now and then he would collide with people, who would stare after him when he had gone by. Just as though I was drunk, he thought, and laughed softly to himself at the thought. Then the Voice was slashing viciously over his shoulder "Don't be a fool. Can't you see everyone looking? Pull yourself together."

He halted outside the largest cafe, but he could not force himself to go in. It was not that he was frightened—this queer light-headed feeling made you that you weren't frightened of anything—but through the window he had caught sight of a customer with a large plate of ham and eggs in front of him. Not that the man seemed interested. The silly fool was listening intently to the girl who sat opposite.

He realized that he would have to get away or he would do something foolish—smash the glass or rush in and snatch the plate away from the man he had been watching. With a great effort, he turned away and stumbled round a corner.

As he did so he collided with someone, so heavily that he staggered back and nearly fell. He glanced up and through a misty light, he saw an Air Force officer. He could not see his face, only the wings above his breast-pocket, the shining buttons.

Page Twelve

Then it was that his training took command. But not the self-imposed discipline of the last few weeks, but his old service training that prompted his next action. His shoulders straightened, his heels came together. "Sorry, sir" he said, and his right arm went up to the salute.

Cpl. B. Blakeley.

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### HE'S NOW A FLIER



LAC Powell has just received his wings as this picture was snapped.

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## CURRENT JOTTINGS

Are we to believe the story we were told by a certain promising LAC in Station Headquarters, who returned to Camp with a pair of Ladies silk panties, nicely wrapped up in tissue paper, that he had been shopping with "Little Audrie"?

For the information of certain people in Equipment Section, the word "MUSH" is not spelt with an "A".

Is it true that lots of young damsels in Swift Current are having their feelings "Hurt"?

An application for remustering was recently received at Station Headquarters, endorsed "Approved with Relief" by the Section Officer. Are we to take it that this applied to his personal feelings?

Do the "Accounts" in the Piccadilly really warrant so much technical supervision?

There is no truth in the humour that an official Information Bureau is being opened in Swift Current, to supply the Orderly Room with "Gen" as to prospective movements.

It is felt, however, that Swift Current could throw some light on the movements of a certain red headed sergeant, who starts his nocturnal prowles around 0100 hours.

We are told that "Twinkle-Toes," the local Pavlova on ice, had an alcoholic drink last week! ! !

For the information of a certain member of Station Sick Quarters (on loan), the expression U/T Pilot is not a disease.

An "ex-boy" is not an airman who has changed his sex.

An "Indulgence Passage" is not a corridor leading to the Bar in the Sergeant's Mess.

There is no truth in the suggestion that the Fire Engine retains its spic and span appearance by use of Emery Cloth.

## —More Things We Want to Know

Who is the LAC in Flying Wing who already has broken one heart in Swift Current and even now, is pursuing his nefarious way into the heart of yet another victim of his sleek personality? ? ?

What (or who) has Banff got that Swift Current hasn't? ? ?

Who is the super-man (ex 17th Foot Leicestershires) who never allows liquor to touch his lips (or the sides on the way down) ? ? ?

Who is the young Corporal (ex Record Office) who has to be protected from the local "fillies" when he steps out to a dance in Swift Current? ? ?

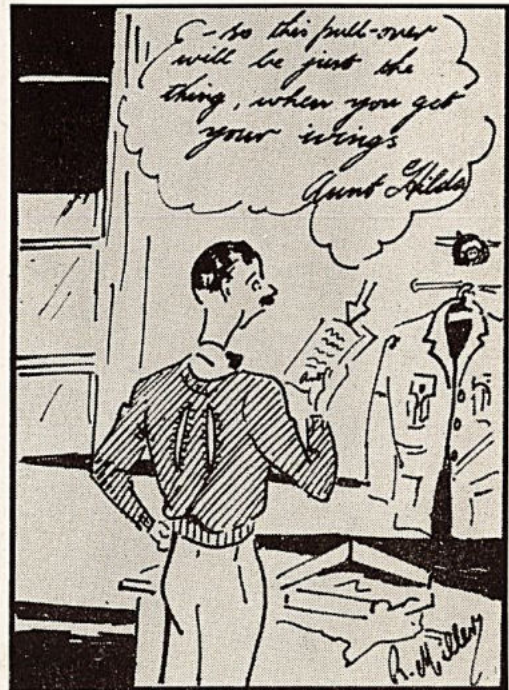
Who is the Corporal (recently 'made-up') who answers to the name of "Elastic-Tummy"—and why? ? ?

Who is the very Senior Officer who pinched the Station Warrant Officer's Girl at the Sergeant's Mess Dance?

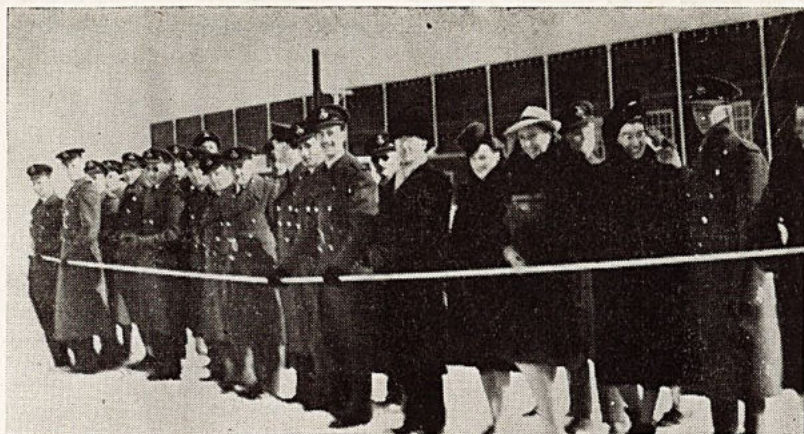
Is there to be a "Big" Wedding shortly?

Who is the Junior NCO who abhors immorality but laughs loudest at the smuttiest jokes?

Who is the Senior NCO who toddles round the Barracks Huts at 0200 hours to let the troops know he is Senior non-Commissioned Officer—and why? ? ?



# Our First Graduation



*A group of officers and ladies occupied one of the enclosures, with a hangar in the background. Some of them were instructors who helped the graduates getting their wings to reach that goal. Seen in centre is Rev. Canon Hackman.*



*In this picture Group Capt. D. Iron, the commanding officer, is shown taking the salute during the march past after wings were presented. Officers leading No. 34 course are Wing Commander Slater, Squadron Leader Brooks, Flight Lieutenant Fearon.*



## **"WINGS"**

### PINNING THEM ON

*The Commanding Officer is just pinning the wings on LAC Steedman in Friday's ceremony as No. 34 Course graduated.*

*—From The Swift Current Sun.*

# CHRISTIE GRANTS

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## PERSONAL COLUMN

Are you a Binder? If so, come and bind us. Trained listeners placed at your service. . . . Sympathy guaranteed. Write Box 20, Magazine.

Are you troubled by a night hawk? This the type of merchant who rolls back to camp in the early hours of the morning; piles his junk on to your supposedly sleeping carcass, whilst making his bed; strikes numerous matches whilst ferreting noisily in his locker; goes out to the wash-house and leaves the door wide open; returns and drops his boots heavily on to the floor, and finally clambers into bed, after having thoroughly woken you up. If so, drop us a line. We have had years of experience in dealing with these pests. Box 10, Magazine.

Try out "Kilawkewer" Salt Bags for Water on the Knee, Stomach, or Brain. Simply place the salt bag in an oven; bring nicely to a simmer and place on the affected part. If after one hour, the affected part assumes a deep blue of purplish tint, remove salt bag and go sick.

Elderly Flight Sergeant, slightly decayed, seeks companionship young attractive widow. One with own home and income preferred. View to matrimony. Write enclosing photo to Matrimonial Agency, Box 40, Magazine.

Are you troubled with sleeplessness? Do

you walk around Swift Current when you should be in bed? Write for advice to Auntie Herte, Box 46, Mag.

Are you henpecked? Does your wife nag you? Write in strictest confidence to Auntie Basse, Box 16, Magazine.





# The Link Trainer



*An Appreciation by an Owner*

Nobody really understands the Link. It is the squalling infant left on the door step of aviation and as such, accepted by the lords of the air with an airy, fairy indifference.

And as a disregarded brat it has grown and grown until suddenly the aerial glamor boys find on their hands a lusty and difficult child.

Very well, then let's have a look at it. Not a thing of beauty surely—nor even of great immediate usefulness—but not to be dispensed with, apparently.

However it has poise. Note its savoir faire as it awaits the timorous tyro creeping into the cockpit. It can be ever so gentle and oh so very patient . . . It's lackey, the Link instructor, bangs down the hood, loosens the straps and smirks a cynical smirk.

Away goes the Link. Ah me, to think so sweet a creature could be so very deceitful. It is the heritage of a neglected childhood and misunderstood maturity. The twig is early inclined . . . .

Up comes one wing, down goes the nose, slowly swings the tail . . . Up comes the nose, twinkle, twinkle flick the ailerons, the rudder twitches frantically. Down swoops the wing and the tail sags. There is the ominous hush of the stall—then the gleeful garp of the spin—around she goes . . .

Then with satisfaction the link instructor takes up his phone and talks. His is the gospel of the needle, the ball and the air speed, the notorious one two three check that misguided contact pilots regard with such easy neglect. But let us not digress . . .

Soon order is brought from chaos and half way through the short way to Japan the student comes out of the spin. The hood is thrown open and the link snuggles happily back into the straps.

Now comes forward a pre-war pilot with thousands of windy hours in the book. He is confident and is not to be downed by a gadget. The Link swallows him contentedly. Down go the straps and the Link is brought to heel. This fellow has control. Nothing wrong with his co-ordination. So a Lorenz is arranged. He finds himself in a flock of "E's" and stumbles into the bisignal zone. Soon he is riding the beam and passes the cone of silence. Out on the Q.D.R. he passes the beacons, snaps the stop watch, negotiates the procedure turn, catches the Q.D.M., the kicker comes into action, the air speed reduces, altitude is lost, the gliding angle determined and tachometer noted—a "Toc" becomes louder—or is it an "E"—oh yeh, what says the Kicker? Oh, oh look at the altimeter! Hold that Tiger . . . ah, there's the "on course" and here's the Inner Marker . . . good old Inner Marker, just in time too. 100 feet exactly. Well I guess we know our lorenzes. Out creeps the slightly dazzled pilot. Nothing to understanding a Link, really . . .

C.V.S.

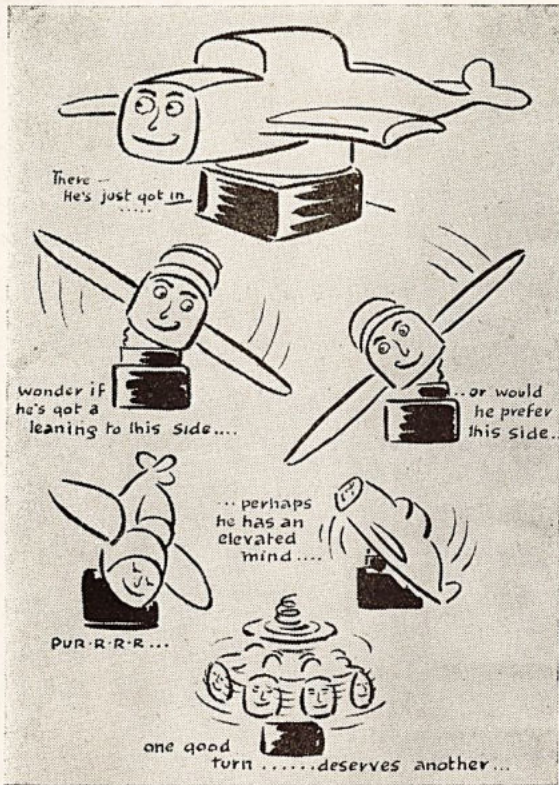
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*Where Is **YOUR** Contribution?*

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## How To Get Out of Bed

This is a simple operation that many airmen still seem to find almost impossible. Let me say at the outset that it is a serious mistake to cling to the old fashioned alarm clock and its nerve shattering bell.

The thing goes of at some unnecessary hour and jars you out of a perfectly satisfactory dream in which you have been playing the part of a certain Squadron Leader, you open one eye, see a grey dawn and close it again.

Then comes a longish pause in which you bury your face in the pillow and hump your behind and try to pretend that it is really your rest day. This being unsuccessful, you grudgingly poke your head out and peer blearily round to see if your trousers are within reach—they never are—so you dig yourself in again and start counting up to 10, having just promised yourself that on the count of ten you will fling the clothes off and leap out, at the count of eighty-five you are asleep again.

The answer is of course, is to invest in a Shaw's patent alarm clock (adv.). These clocks can never be set at earlier than eleven-thirty and in place of a bell they give out a smell of hot coffee and make a noise like frying bacon.



A report has been received from a certain hospital at a Prisoner of War Camp, for members of the Luftwaffe, that one of the patients is playing havoc with the laundry bill, by continually shouting "Spitfire".

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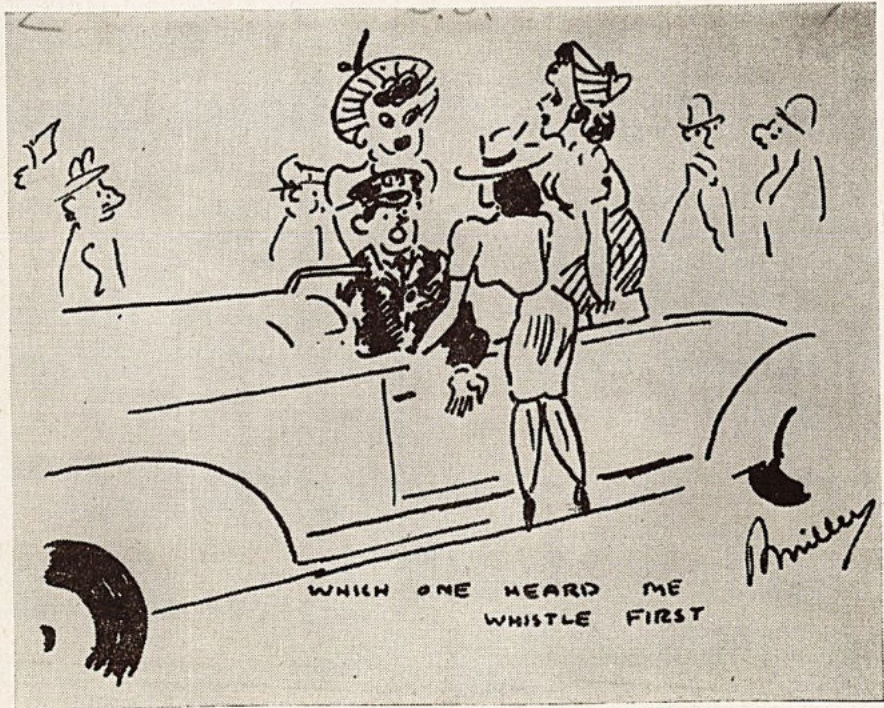
Phone 2501

Swift Current

## CAPTION CONTEST

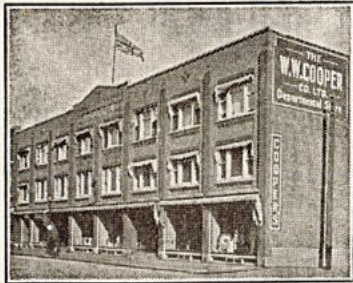
Two Dollars will be paid to the Originator of the best Caption to go with the drawing on the opposite page. It would appear to represent a scene in a well-known cafe in Swift Current.

Ideas to the Editor.





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# Journey In Japan

*By the Rev. Scott-Morton*

THE Secretary of the college in Kyote was shown in to see me. There was obviously something on his mind. He enquired politely what my immediate future plans were, and I replied that I was leaving in a day or two for Tokyo to take a language examination. He asked on what date I expected to return, and quickly suggested that it would be a very good idea if I were to stay away a few days longer in Tokyo. By this time I was completely mystified; but it soon transpired that the Empress was going to visit Kyoto, and as the palace where she would be staying was directly opposite the college, it would be much easier for everyone if the foreigner were not among those present. Everyone had to be in off the streets by nine o'clock at night, and the police were already coming round each evening to all the houses in the vicinity for days ahead of the Imperial visit to make a careful check of the members of each household.

Even a Scotsman can take a hint if it is broad enough; and so I decided to follow up the Tokyo examination with a little sight-seeing tour. My objective was the Grand Shrine at Ise, the oldest and most sacred centre of the Japanese national religion, Shinto.

If the traveller proceeds down the outer or Pacific coast of the main island of Japan from Tokyo, he comes to the large peninsula of Yamato, closing off the eastern end of the Inland Sea. This peninsula was the scene of the landing and early exploits of the Yamato race, ancestors of the present-day Japanese, when they set out from Kyushu Island at the western tip of Japan, to conquer the aborigines on the main island. About this peninsula cluster the legends and tales of old Japan, of the Emperor Jimmu, and the heavenly ancestress, the Sun Goddess, known as Ama O Mi Kami, or Heavenly Shining Great Honourable Deity. And here is the chief Shinto shrine.

The train from Tokyo took me past the majestic cone of Mount Fuji, and getting off at a little fishing village by the sea, I found an attractive inn by the sea-shore, and the smiling maids in kimonos showed me to a suite of rooms which were to be mine for the night for the sum of fifty Canadian cents. Cool grass mats, little lacquer cupboards, plain unvarnished wood, one scroll picture, dwarf pines and the sea just over the verandah—it all made a very pleasant change from the clanking trams of Tokyo. When the meal of rice, shell-fish soup, a little delicate seaweed and some pickled vegetables was brought in, the proprietress arrived to make light conversation. I did my best, but keeping one's legs neatly folded underneath one has a certain cramping effect on the best conversational style.

The sea looked most inviting under the next morning's sun, so I took it that bathing suits were optional and went in anyway. I caught a train after breakfast to take me the rest of the way to the Ise Grand Shrine. But, though I had stayed away from Kyoto expressly to avoid being found anywhere near the Empress, it appeared I was not to escape so easily. The train I was on was due to pass the Imperial Special, and I watched the most elaborate precautions being taken. Cheering crowds along the route were allowed as a concession, but the police, soldiers and railway officials held strictly to the old custom of not daring to look on the August Countenance, and politely turned their backs as the train passed by. Our blinds were all pulled down and our train proceeded slowly along. I managed to catch a glimpse of a gleaming pilot engine. But I was told to keep my seat, and by the time the real train came along, I was being fixed by the heavy and menacing eye of a plainclothes man a few feet away, so judged it safer to keep a strict "eyes front."

When I reached Ise I found the town extremely gay. There were souvenirs and geisha girls. There were open windows and verandahs, upon which lolled carelessly clad gentlemen in light summer kimonos, drinking sake and shouting to their friends in the street below. I made my way out to the shrine and the peace of nature. I found delightful parkland and a river not unworthy of the Scottish Highlands. Washing mouths and hands in this sacred stream is part of the preparation for all who worship at the shrine. There were crowds of children marching, there were women with sashes which bore the legend, "Great Japan Patriotic Women's Association", there were much venerated guns taken in the Russo-Japanese War, an occasional official in a formal morning coat,—and over all stood the stately, evergreen avenues of cryptomeria trees. When I reached the shrine itself, I found it to consist of some simple wooden buildings, set up on piles, with rafters and roof-trees projecting, showing clearly the South Seas influence upon Japanese origins. All were set in a courtyard of moss-grown cobble-stones, trodden by no human foot save perhaps a special personage once or twice a year.

The school-children came up in waves, and as each wave came, they were marshalled before the front gate, which was tightly closed. They clapped in unison, bowed, and uttered a prayer after the teacher. Then a short explanation was given them, and they were marched away, more full than ever of fervour for Emperor and country.

I returned, and in search of some peace and quiet, went on to a little spot on the coast and chose a likely inn. I shared it with 150 schoolchildren, who held an impromptu con-

cert until late in the evening. And then in the morning came the police. They had made a routine visit the night before—"name, address, age, . . . and where is your birthing-place?" But this was a more serious affair. We had tea and cigarettes served, and started to discuss my plans. The policeman suggested I visit the shrine, and was considerably shaken to discover I had already done that the day before, and was now proposing to cross the bay by boat and catch a train home.

"No, no . . . it is much better to go all the way by train, and not by boat."

"But I prefer to go by boat. If I were German and not British, I am sure you would let me go."

"No, no one may go."

"Why?"

"There are special reasons."

"But the Empress has gone. I am an in-offensive student of the Japanese language and national customs. I have come (not to "miru", merely "see" but) to "hai ken suru", a "worship-see perform". (Good show, remembered that phrase just in time).

"No, it is necessary you leave at once."

Before I knew where I was, he had called the maid and found when the next train left. It was about 8:35 when the conversation began, and by 9:14 a.m. I was on a departing train, having been conducted there by someone to see I caught it. By this time, however, I knew the reason for my sudden and unwilling departure. I recalled that the town had been full of sailors and that I had caught sight of looming grey shapes in the bay the night before. The fleet was in, and the foreigner was—out.

I still had the day before me. So I dropped off the train in the middle of the mountains, and set out for the top of one which had taken my fancy. The white, dusty road wound between green paddy fields, groves of bamboo forty feet tall, scrub-trees and finally pines and boulders. I found myself treated by the simple peasant folk in a way quite different from that of the police. As a foreigner I was somewhat of an oddity, but as a man they took me for granted. Inhibitions and sus-

picious meant little to the shop-woman of whom I bought my lunch, the ploughman of whom I asked the way, or the woodcutters on the steep hillside. On the top of the hill I came upon a Buddhist temple, its stone flags and weathered grey beams set in a solitude of rocks and trees. All was deserted. Nothing but the wind in the pine-needles. It was eerie and still on the mountain-top. I peeped through a crack at the great image seated inside, calm, impassive and aloof. Then I went home.

That is it. There you have it—the curious mixture of Japan—all in the space of a few days. Hoary superstition, and the modern technical age. Natural beauty and festering slums in great cities. Many kinds of people, some jealous, suspicious and cruel, some kindly and courteous. The Emperor rules them all, and they follow with devotion and loyalty. But who is to rule the Emperor? Is it to be as at present, the unscrupulous and fanatical militaristic clique.—the type of person who drove the best Chinese friend I had crazy in prison with their tortures—about whom,

"I could a tale unfold whose lightest word  
"Would harrow up thy soul, freeze thy  
young blood,

"Make . . . . .

"Each particular hair to stand on end

"Like quills upon the fretful porcupine."

Or is it to be the enlightened leaders of a Japan which has kept her resolution, but regained her sanity?

—W.S.M.



# Exchange Cafe

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## The War—What Comes After?

THE writer of this brief article is led to do so by the apparent lack of concern he has encountered in conversation with men in the Services as to what sort of world they will find themselves in after this war, or what sort of world they would like to see; and, more important, their lack of incentive to strive, just as our fighting men are striving to-day, to overcome the indolent state of affairs which has resulted in the flood of bestiality released upon the world to-day.

The only concern of most fellows is to get back to "civvy street", to their wives, families and sweethearts. That is, of course, the immediate thought of us all. But they have not bothered to think beyond that, despite their professed loathing of war and all that it brings in its wake.

The majority of men in the Services are not "regulars" and, unfortunately, too many of them will have no jobs to go back to, but will have to start afresh. Under what conditions? Will they find employment easily? Can they hope to receive a wage that will enable them to maintain a decent standard of living—or will they be content to earn barely sufficient to keep body and soul together? Can they optimistically look forward to an era of opportunity and prosperity for all? Will they accept, if the Government so decrees, a regimented way of living if such is considered necessary during the period of reconstruction?

These questions may paint a somewhat gloomy picture, but they are, perhaps, necessary to bring home a realisation that there will be very real problems to be faced by us all.

It would, probably, not be untrue to say that those of us whose lot was a fairly contented one before the war were wont to lean back with satisfaction and with the feeling that the misery of others was no concern of ours. On the other hand, those who had tasted the hardship and misery of "life on the dole" were, perhaps, being drawn into extreme schools of thought—on the model of some of

the dictator powers—for which they were an easy prey, being led to believe that they were being offered a "bright new world."

These, which are merely random thoughts, are not intended to stir up political controversies, or to push people into one camp or another. But most of us are the men who will form the backbone of the nation tomorrow and it will rest upon us, if we are willing to shoulder the responsibility and take the opportunity, to have some say in the future affairs of our nation.

It is not unpatriotic to say that Governments are not always right, even when the men composing them are motivated by the best of intentions—as witness the disasters which have upset international relationships in the past few years.

What do we know of the way other nations live? Have we not been too inclined in the past to close our eyes to the needs of the smaller nations, whose whole existence has been dependent on the goodwill of mighty empires like our own? Has any real attempt been made to foster international friendship or have we (or some of us) been too busy competing for the world's riches—instead of sharing them—to concern ourselves? In fact, are we really trying to foster an "international brotherhood"—so that a citizen of a foreign nation is not "just something we have heard of, but don't know much about."

Of course, it is only too easy to criticise; but it can be maintained, with some justification, that with the small knowledge that we have of what lies at the root of the problem, we have not even attempted to face up to it or to touch upon the fringe of it. Only now, when the disaster is upon us, do we hear such phrases as "a more even distribution of commodities" and the economic "safeguarding of small nations"—although even these phrases may be interpreted in more than one way!

Let us think seriously upon these things, and become, in the true sense, responsible members of the community—not leaving it to the other man to "bother his head" about the problems, because we are too indolent to put on our thinking caps and do it for ourselves. Let us try to solve the problem of ridding the nation—and the world—of unnecessary poverty, misery and degradation. Then we may have the satisfaction of knowing that we, each in our own small way, have attempted to make some contribution towards a better world—if not for ourselves, for the generations that will follow us.

F.





# Swift Current



## *In the Early Days*

The Canadian Pacific Railway construction reached the Swift Current creek in the fall of 1882 and passed on for about forty miles to Gull Lake when winter set in and the work was stopped and no trains were run west of Moose Jaw until the spring of 1883.

The company had picked out for the townsite of Swift Current a section east of the present site but a couple of men, Robert Julian and John Watson, had preceeded the construction and squatted on the land and would not give up their claims under \$10,000.00 which the company refused to give, but offered them \$1000.00 which they refused to accept and hung onto their claims, so the company laid out its townsite one section further west and the squatters after holding on for about six months, finding their claims useless, abandoned them to seek work on the C.P.R., one as a section hand, the other in the office at Medicine Hat. Thus began Swift Current.

In the fall of 1882, Frank Fraser Tims, of Regina, erected a store and stocked it with general merchandise, but when winter came and the company closed down Mr. Tims had to leave his brother in charge of the store and the railway company left John Lindsay with its supplies; these two (William Tims and John Lindsay) were the only two white men in Swift Current all that winter and they had a lonely time of it.

In the spring of 1883, construction was resumed and gangs of men to the number of about 300 were soon at work building office and freight shed and dining hall and section house and round house and putting on sidings all of which made the place pretty lively for a time.

Then the Indians began to come and camp here which increased the population and made it more lively still.

There were some buffalo still roaming the plains and the Indians sometimes brought in a carcass of fine fresh meat which was a welcome change from canned corn beef.

During the construction there were some droll incidents happened. On one occasion a couple of train men strolling about near the trench being dug from the dam to the round house, a number of squaws with their children were returning to camp and these men tried to talk to them and one, the wife of a chief, fell in the trench, it was nine feet deep. The children were frightened and ran home and told the chief the men had pushed her in. The men too, were frightened, for they knew there would be trouble, so they hurried back to the cook's bunk house and one crawled under a bunk but failed to completely conceal himself. The other had put on the cook's apron and cap

and so disguising himself that they could not recognize him. They, however, hauled the man out from under the bunk and held an open air court with the assistance of an interpreter and fined him \$1.00 and as they could not identify the other, they made him pay the other's fine, also which he readily paid and thought himself pretty lucky to get off so easy. He of the disguise said they made a cook of him the quickest he ever saw.

Before the round house was completed and a turn-table put in, the engines had to be run out on a wye to be turned and an old chief by the name of Red Pheasant, came down from Battleford, a distance of two hundred miles, just to see the railway and trains. He had never before seen them, so they took him on one and gave him a lively run and he became very much excited and shouted and danced all of the way and when he got back to Battleford he had a wonderful tale to tell of his wild ride on the Iron Horse.

Trade now began with the north country, Battleford and Edmonton both having their supplies shipped here for transportation by Red River carts which came sometimes in hundreds, but for Edmonton, the supplies soon went by way of Calgary, thence north by trail to Edmonton, till the Calgary and Edmonton branch was completed.

Another store was soon put up and competition was pretty lively for a time but all carried on very amiably.

Sometimes we were visited by rustlers from Montana that caused some excitement. In 1884 a bunch of seven came and camped about five miles out and some of them came in for supplies stating that they were looking for some cattle that had strayed across the line but the N.W.M.P. were a bit suspicious of them and kept pretty close watch on them, however, they got their opportunity and took it. A squad of the N.W.M.P. with two 4-horse trains were sent down from Battleford for division supplies, oats, etc., and as they arrived in Swift Current a heavy rain storm set in and the night was very dark and stormy. So these rustlers taking advantage of the storm came in and made a haul, taking 19 head of horses, 9 head of them belonging to the N.W.M.P. There were no horses left to follow them with, but two or three ponies, and the heavy rain had so obliterated their trail that it was impossible to follow them, but the sergeant in charge of the police wired to Maple Creek headquarters, the officer there wired to Havre to be on the lookout for them and a posse of about forty cowboys was informed and set out to intercept them. They found them camped for the night in a shack at the edge of a bluff, surrounded the shack and waited for the morning. As daylight

appeared, one man came out with a rifle in one hand and a pail in the other. He only got a few paces from the door when he was shot down. The others who were inside rushed for the bluff but were shot down as fast as they left the shack. The cowboys then took all the horses in and wired to Maple Creek to come and get their horses. A pretty severe, but very effective way to keep law and order in the west.

In the spring of 1885 when the Reil Rebellion broke out, the Indians of this place moved their camp one night about 18 miles north on the Swift Current creek. Two days later the men all rode in, well armed and their cartridge belts full of ammunition. It looked pretty bad for the town just then, but the Indians said they came with a peaceful intent to get supplies for their families and also what information they could of the trouble that was going on. Someone of the business men, Frank Fraser Tims, did a very serious thing. He asked them to give an exhibition of their war dance which they did in front of the store and they became so excited that it nearly precipitated a fight which would have meant a slaughter for the white people who were totally unprepared, for the Indians show no mercy. However, they calmed down and the next day returned to their camp taking a goodly supply of provisions, part of which they paid for and part donated. They had patrols out and intercepted a courier at Sask. Landing, sent from Battleford with dispatches. He was an English Half Breed by the name of John Todd, they took him to their camp and searched him but did not find the dispatches; he had them concealed in his moccasins.

They held a council of war that night and decided on a raid on Swift Current and all white people were to be killed except one man who was a favorite, but a strange thing happened which prevented the carrying out of their plans. The band of hostile Indians here was composed of two tribes (Crees and Chippewas) and they had chosen a Cree by the name of Kee Wa Tock to be their chief. Now one, a Chippewa half breed, by the name of Ben de Jevland he had never had any trouble with white men and he would not join them in the massacre, whereupon the chief levelled his rifle upon him saying he would shoot him if he refused to join, and immediately a Chippewa Indian by the name of Toetoe levelled his rifle on the chief saying, "shoot and you will both be dead." The chief had to lower his rifle and in the confusion the dispatch-bearer prisoner escaped unnoticed and

ran under cover of darkness for Swift Current, arriving just at sunrise. Thus a massacre here was frustrated. Troops now began to arrive and the Indians were brought in and sent down to reservations at Qu'Appelle where they remained until peace and quietness was again restored.

A number of prisoners had been taken up north in the Battleford district who were prominent in the massacres that occurred there and nine Indian chiefs were brought down by the Mounted Police and passed through Swift Current en route to Regina.

While at Swift Current their meals had to be served to them sitting on the floor for they would not sit at a table to eat.

In 1886 Swift Current was pretty lively for government scrip was issued to the Halfbreeds which they sold for cash so they had considerable money to spend.

The mail route to Battleford and the north was now established and many passengers were carried to and from the north by it.

There were still some buffalo roaming the prairies and in 1887 one of the most magnificent specimens that has ever been seen was killed by Way-mistagoseu-Kal-mee (the man who ate the Frenchman) a Cree Indian. He sold the head to Mr. John A. Grant who had it mounted by a taxidermist and keeps it on exhibition still at Red Deer, Alberta.

Then in 1888, three more were brought in by John Nolan, a half-breed, two cows and a calf, the heads and hides of which were bought by the Currie Bros., merchants here at that time. In 1883, Mr. Fraser Tims established a ferry at the Saskatchewan Landing. This trail was surveyed, later for the Dominion government by Lawrie, a Dominion land surveyor, in 1886, who tried to find a better trail and crossing that the old Indian woman and although he tried several places both up and down the river, could find no better, so his survey was precisely the same as laid out by the old woman. In that year the old survey of the river lots was obliterated and the land subdivided into quarter sections by Mr. Brownjohn, a Dominion surveyor, having first been surveyed into sections in 1882-3-4 by other of the D.L.S. It was then open for homestead entry and a Mr. Jessop was sent here as Dominion land agent but as there were so few entries for the land, Mr. Jessop was transferred to some other point and the office closed and so it remained for some years.

—by the late Hilliard Gregory.



Hauling Fence Posts by Ox Team in Swift Current During Early Days.

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**SWIFT CURRENT, SASKATCHEWAN**



# Poet's Corner



## Ave! Ogdena Nashum, Moriture Te Salutant!

Ogden, gnash your teeth!  
 We have found your relief!  
 A most excellent fellow in your class of rhyming  
 and witticism;  
 In fact he won't write regular metre because he  
 says anyhow he comes in for a lit of pundits,  
 "blinding" and criticism.  
 And he says the reason that his stuff is better than  
 other stuff, is because he may say just what  
 he mimes,  
 While the others are too busy stalking iambic  
 pentameters and stuffing them with alliteration,  
 apostrophies and jingle of rimes,  
 When they ought to be thinking of dimes, not  
 chimes.  
 There is just one fly in this academical ointment  
 That occasions misgivings, alarm and lots of dis-  
 appointment,  
 Which is that being a generous fellow he donated  
 a sample of his undoubted genius to a liter-  
 ary critic,  
 The Editor of the "Swift" (an unexpurgated re-  
 view of unnecessary events) who grew acidly  
 citric and then paralytic  
 And said "I've enough to do in this doggone  
 desert way,  
 Without having to read what I'm up to the eyes  
 in every day."  
 Which only yelps to show that though each fond  
 mother may love her own darling baby  
 Nobody else does if they realise that its father  
 is only a maybe.  
 And though we must give the reading public all  
 the time just what the Editor's Managing  
 Director's girl friends sweetheart has discov-  
 ered it wants,  
 It wouldn't want sacriligious misconceived 'baskets'  
 floating around in the midst of the highly in-  
 censed, ornamental and literary fonts.

Mish.

## THE EMPIRE'S MOTHERS

We are all just hard working Mothers,  
 Like all Mothers are we know,  
 We have raised our sons to man-hood,  
 Now it's hard to see them go.

We have watched them play at soldiers,  
 Nor dreamt that someday they'd be,  
 Fighting for King and Country,  
 In Lands far over the sea.

But no tears are shed at partings,  
 We guard them as safely today,  
 As years ago in their childhood,  
 God Bless Them, is all we can say.

With their Mothers prayers to guide them,  
 And the clasp of their hands so true,  
 Nothing on Earth will daunt them,  
 They'll see this cruel war through.

L.A.C. Bain.



## PARIS AND LONDON

In the minds and hearts of free men  
 Paris is dead.  
 Saved from the scourge of fire,  
 The burst of bombs;  
 Her towers untouched,  
 Her avenues undamaged,  
 The Arc de Triomphe a mockery  
 Curved against sardonic skies,  
 The proud City has saved herself,  
 Delivered her sons into slavery. . . . .  
 Paris is dead.

London lives.  
 Her dead have died free men  
 And are buried without shame.  
 Her ravaged altars  
 And her shattered homes  
 Await the hand of the builder;  
 But her honor undimmed. . . . .  
 She has lost her life  
 And found it.  
 London lives!

VERNA LOVEDAY HARDEN,  
 from *Saturday Night*.

Page Twenty-seven

## DAILY ROUTINE ORDERS

By WING COMMANDER Y. B. SANE, UB. ME.

Commanding R.A.F. Station, Onaprayery, Overseas.

### 1. DUTIES.

Orderly Binder.	2.5.42.	P/O. A. Bigge-Twirpe.
Next for Duty.	3.5.42.	F/O. A. B. Newsence.
Orderly Shaker.	2.5.42.	Sergt. Noysyownd.
Next for Duty.	3.5.42.	Sergt. Dimme.
Duty Pilot.	2.5.42.	Sergt. Pileup.
Next for Duty.	3.5.42.	Sergt. Wheeler-Mynne.
Orderly Dog.	2.5.42.	Cpl. Brayneless.
Next for Duty.	3.5.42.	Cpl. Swetting.
Duty Clerk.	2.5.42.	LAC. Penne-Pusher.
Next for Duty.	3.5.42.	LAC. Bobbing-Fortapes.
Duty Runner.	2.5.42.	AC2. Snayle.
Next for Duty.	3.5.42.	AC2. Twinkle-Towes.

### 2. POSTING.

The under-mentioned airman is to proceed on posting to R.A.F. Station, Hawaii, effective 6.5.42. He is to report to the Chaos Section at 1400 hours on Monday, 4th May, 1942, to be issued with ukelele, string of beads and rush skirt. He will draw the undesired portion of the day's oats from the Fodder Bin, at 1400 hours on 5.5.42, and will report to the Disorderly Room to collect warrants at 1500 hours on the same day.

### 3. FORM 999—DEMOBILISATION ON VICTORY.

This form has now been received from H.M. Stationery Office in considerable quantities. Whilst the Commanding Officer appreciates the comfort and luxury of service life, he is desirous that as many as possible of the personnel on the Station will put aside personal feelings, and once again take the plunge into the drudgeries of civilian life.

### 4. PROTECTION OF WOODEN FLOORS—STATION H.Q. OFFICES.

The attention of all ranks is again drawn to the necessity for preserving the new wooden floors of Station H.Q. Offices. All ranks are requested to remove their boots and stockings, and roll their trousers up to the knee when entering the building.

### 5. DISCIPLINE—FIRE APPLIANCES.

Fire appliances are not to be moved from their correct places, other than for the following essential functions: Hatchets—for chopping of wood; fire buckets—washing of "smalls."

(Signed) A. BIGGE NOYSE, F/Lt.,  
for Wing Commander, Commanding  
R.A.F. Station, Onaprayery.



# Books



By Peggy

## RETURN TO THE FUTURE

By Sigrid Undset. 250 p.p.

Toronto: The Ryerson Press

This new book by Madame Undset is a tale of her escape from Norway by way of Russia and Japan to the States, and her observations along the way. Although we have had an almost endless procession of "escape" literature of late, there is no reason to balk at the prospect of another. A book by Sigrid Undset is an occasion.

Here as always we find the pleasing combination of dignity, truth and perhaps even greatness. We also find evidence of Madame Undset's unusual flair for depicting both the tenderness and strength of the characters she portrays.

"Return to the Future" is divided into four sections—(1) The invasion of Norway; (2) Journey through Russia; (3) Journey through Japan and (4) The author's deductions regarding world conditions, and her ideas as to its ultimate recovery.

The first section deals with the personal experiences of Madame Undset during the invasion of Norway. It ends with news of the death of her younger son in action, which she heard on her safe arrival in Stockholm. One will not readily forget the impression of terrible sorrow running like a grim undercurrent beneath this story so quietly told.

The journey through Russia is almost entirely descriptive. Here I must confess that the author's attitude came somewhat as a shock. Madame Undset hates Russia almost as passionately as she does Germany. She is entitled to hate Communism, but I feel she has let her prejudices override her common sense, in that she tells nothing of Russia beyond deploring the low standards among the common people, the ugliness, the disease and the filth. We share her hatred of these things but must bear in mind that high standards prevail in a small part of the world only. Good food, and shelter with some semblance of security, to say nothing of plumbing—is far from universal even in the western world today. Russia has come a long way and will no doubt go much further when she completes the job of war she is so ably handling today.

Japan greatly attracted Madame Undset. I can readily understand this. Here she

found cleanliness, order and purely physical beauty which is bound to appeal to a woman of her fine and intelligent instincts. We must bear in mind that Madame Undset is a Scandinavian. The Scandinavians went farther than any of us in raising the living conditions of their people, even while hampered with less natural wealth as a basis for these improvements. To quote her own words—"We have learned by experience that it is possible to live quite well in a poor country if industry, forethought, reciprocal helpfulness enter into the effort to make the most possible out of all sources of livelihood . . . In international scientific co-operation we upheld our honorable place." Logical reasoning in any man's country, I should say.

In the final section we are impressed by the grave and intelligent thoughtfulness of the author in considering world conditions. Here she gives us no dreamer's panacea for worldly ills, but offers us a way out through courage, faith and still more courage.

Read this book. Its gracious air of sensible thought will prove a stimulant to be received with gratitude in these troublous times.



## THE UNKNOWN COUNTRY

Bruce Hutchinson

A highly interesting and informative story of the people and history of Canada. Here we find virtues and shortcomings revealed in a concise and unbiased manner. Price \$4.50.



## THE MOON IS DOWN

John Steinbeck

A story of tragedy—a story of any occupied territory, written with dignity and restraint. This is a dramatic picture of the re-birth of a tortured people—a birth conceived of a spirit of suffering, but emerging to life as an unconquered nation.

## JAPAN'S DREAM OF WORLD EMPIRE

Introduction and text by Carl Crow

This is best described as Japan's "Mein Kampf". It contains the text of the memorial presented by premiere Baron Tanaka to the Emperor in 1927. It is startling in that it reveals how closely Tanaka's grandiose scheme for world domination has been followed. Events in Manchuria, China, S. Asia and in American outposts in the Pacific bear this out to an amazing degree! Carl Crow's intimate knowledge of Japan and the Japanese people makes this book a "must" for intelligent readers. Price \$1.65.



## THE MAKING OF TOMORROW

Raul de Roussy de Sales

The author looks out upon the future with that fearless lucidity and realism which is so essentially French.



## FRANCE THROUGH THE DISASTER

Maritain

This book is written with malice toward none, but guards the conscience of France, a France worthy of honor, a France worth fighting for.

M.G.

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(late Sloane but Shaw)

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To help the Scrappers.*

*By wasting littler  
You're pasting Hitler.*

*Save your bits  
To make direct hits.*

*Each scrap you save  
Helps dig Hitler's grave.*

*Tighten your "waste" line  
To belt the hun.*

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WE AIM TO PLEASE

## AIRMEN'S DANCE

One evening in January, the sound of 'hot' swing music was heard from the Recreation Hall, and an AC 'Sprogg' investigating, found himself staring, not into the P.T. Hall, but a Dance Hall. Yes, the Airmens' Dance had arrived.

Though the first one was only a moderate success, owing to the reluctance of the young ladies of Swift Current to attend, an enjoyable evening was had by all.

The Hall was splendidly decorated by Sergt. Griffin, who was assisted by Cpl. Ashby and the Recreation Hall staff.

# Help

**Keep the Swift Alive  
with**

- ✱ **Articles**
- ✱ **Poems**
- ✱ **Short Stories**
- ✱ **Anything**

Thanks to our versatile Station Warrant Officer, lots of fun was the order of the night.

The word quickly went round as to the kind of Dances being held at the airport, and by various means, known only to the select few, the number of lady partners from Swift Current steadily increased until it reached the number of 250.

Our second dance was Carnival Dance during which, many prizes were awarded and competitions run. . . . (Who can forget L.A.C. White in the 'Jitterbug' competition). Music sweet and hot was the responsibility of the Station Dance Orchestra, who nobly swung the evening to a splendidly successful finish. Their efforts were certainly appreciated by 'Jive-ers' and 'nice' dancers alike.

When this magazine goes to press, the first three airmens' dances will have been held, and the preparation for the fourth will be well in hand. May they continue to be as great a success in the future as they have been to the present.

Mr. Scott and staff are to be heartily congratulated on the refreshment arrangements and the splendid financial contributions were much appreciated.

It is also hoped that, at future Dances, the "erks" will not be so shy of approaching the fair sex as the committee hate to see "Wallflowers" in a Dance Hall. We would welcome the "erks" being a little bolder, they may even find a Madame La Zonga to give them six lessons?

Now then you "erks", get "cracking" at the next Dance.

W.P. & J.G.S.





# The Y.M.C.A. Page

By *Scotty*



The Canadian Y.M.C.A. functions, among other activities, as an auxiliary service in all R.A.F. stations in Canada. It's aim is to be a helpful convenience to service personnel in any manner affecting either the group or the individual. Sooner or later every airman enters the 'Y' Hut to write a letter home, or to play a game of Table Tennis; to borrow the electric iron, or just to relax and listen to the radio.

### *The Reading Room*

This part of the 'Y' is equipped with comfortable chairs, chesterfields, writing tables, shade lamps, as well as pictures and other decorative features. In an average month the 'Y' provides without charge to airmen, fifteen thousand sheets of stationery and seventy-five hundred envelopes. About fifteen hundred letters a month are written in the reading room and left for posting. Also in the reading room as part of the Office, is a library of nearly five hundred books, of which over a hundred are technical and the rest fiction. Books are borrowed free. The turnover averages nine hundred a month.

### *The Flicks*

Every Tuesday and Thursday evening in the Recreation Hall—the phonograph stops playing the record-of-the-week—Lights Out, Please! the welcoming road goes up—and the show is on. Mr. Erk leans back in peace as his favorite heroine does her stuff on the silver screen. At No. 39 about thirty-five hundred airmen per month attend the "flicks", which are free. Each week eleven hundred miles of film pass through the 'Y' projectors, in stations in Canada and abroad. Movie equipment on each station approximates one thousand dollars in cost, provided by the Y.M.C.A.

### *Sports*

Through the National Organization, we are glad to be able to supply much of the sports equipment used on the station. In addition to the small games available in the reading room, there are given to the Sports Section equipment for hockey, football, basketball, softball and so forth. These are kept up seasonally, the aim being to provide as much as possible at the right time.

### *Airmen's Dances*

The monthly airmen's dances in the Recreation Hall involve considerable co-operation on the part of the 'Y'. Thus far it has been possible for the auxiliary service to donate all the prizes given at the dances. On these nights all our facilities are at the disposal of the Dance Committee, and include the use of the two rooms of the building as well as the canteen, and a booth in the dance hall itself.

### *The "Bun Wagon"*

You're familiar with this one at the height of the morning when the toil and sweat of hard-working Erks calls for a "break". Punctually the Bun Wagon rolls around the corner, ready for the twenty-minute siege as airmen perform a gastronomic blitz on it's contents. Built by the station, stocked and staffed by the 'Y' canteen, the moving refreshment stand is a daily feature. Our aim—to keep it rolling.

The Y.M.C.A. is anxious to be a real service. If it can help you personally, drop in at the office in the reading room. If it can be done, it will be done.

BURNS SCOTT,  
Supervisor.

### *Y.M.C.A. Schedules*

<i>Library Hours</i>	<i>Canteen</i>
1000-1200	1000-1030
1750-2130	1230-1330
	1750-2130

### *Films*

Every Tuesday and Thursday	<i>Office Hours</i>
<i>Bun Wagon</i>	0900-1200
Leaves canteen at 1000	1750-2130

## Wanted

- ✻ Articles
- ✻ Poems
- ✻ Short Stories
- ✻ Anything

**KEEP THE SWIFT ALIVE**

## May Attractions at the Swift Current Theatres

### EAGLE

Fri.-Sat., May 15-16 "SHANGHAI GESTURE", as modern as tomorrow's headlines is this strong melodrama, Gene Tierney, Victor Mature and Ona Munson.

Mon.-Tue., May 18-19 "MARRIED BACHELOR" comedy with Robert Young and Ruth Hussey.

Wed.-Thurs., May 20-21, "NAZI AGENT" espionage melodrama with Conrad Veidt and Ann Ayars.

Fri.-Sat., May 22-23, "JOAN OF PARIS." exciting drama, escape of British fliers from Gestapo, Michele Morgan and Paul Henreid.

Mon.-Tue., May 25-26 "PACIFIC BLACKOUT" thrilling spy-melodrama with Robert Preston and Martha O'Driscoll.

Wed. to Sat., May 27-30, "IN THE NAVY." Bud Abbott, Lou Costello and Dick Powell in a grand comedy of navy-life.

### LYRIC

Mon.-Tues., May 18-19 (double feature) "DAYS OF JESSE JAMES," western with Roy Rogers and Geo. Hayes, and "A VERY YOUNG LADY," comedy with Jane Withers.

Wednesday to Saturday, May 20, 21, 22, 23, "HONKY TONK" swell action comedy-drama with Clark Gable and Lana Turner.

Monday-Tuesday, May 25, 26 (double feature) "TOO MANY BLONDES", comedy with Rudy Vallee, Helen Parrish, and "LAW OF THE TROPICS," melodrama with Constance Bennett and Jeffrey Lynn.

Wednesday to Saturday, May 27, 28, 29, 30, "TWO-FACED WOMAN", grand sophisticated comedy with Greta Garbo and Melvyn Douglas. (Not for Kiddies).



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### English as it is Spoke

Whatever far-reaching effects the war will have on the ordinary lives of the people in the days of peace to follow, it is already certain that their language will be increased by a number of words and phrases which were unknown before the war. Just as the Great War added such outlandish words as "Blighty" and "napoo" to the common currency of spoken speech, this war will do no less. Already "blitz" and "ersatz" have come to stay, thus providing the B.B.C. with a subject for future speculation, and Mr. A. P. Herbert with an opportunity for indignant denunciation.

No doubt the other Services have their own peculiar idioms, but the R.A.F. has already contributed a generous share in this direction. It is possible that these phrases and expressions, understood solely by persons as a result of their service experience, will create a peculiar kind of freemasonry amongst them, in exactly the same way that, during the nineteenth century, the ability to quote tags from the more hackneyed Latin poets

was the hallmark of a gentleman, who would produce these shreds and patches as evidence of a classical education.

The word "gen", whose derivation is obscure, is probably the most frequently used word in the R.A.F., and here at least, Air Vice Marshalls and AC2s can meet on common ground. To an outsider it is doubtful if the word conveys any meaning whatsoever, a fact which should be remembered when in conversation with the local inhabitants, whose opinion of the English language, as interpreted by the exiles of 39 S.F.T.S., is already at very low water. The word "pukka", which crept into our language from the Hindustani many years ago, is sometimes added, with the result that the expression "pukka gen" has all the appearances of a horrible shepherd's pie of alien phraseology and cheap vulgarity.

The verb "to bind" is also in constant use, and is chiefly employed by the lower ranks to describe what they consider to be an unwarrantable interference with their liberties by officious N.C.O.'s. The commissioned ranks, however, do not escape unscathed, and Flight Lieutenants and even Squadron Leaders are frequently the target for its inherent criticism, but hardly ever, it should be added, in their actual presence. The verb itself has, of course, another meaning altogether, and it is interesting to observe the connection between its original meaning and its ingenious adaptation to describe a certain condition.

It is a matter for regret that many other pungent expressions have to be omitted, since they are unprintable in any civilized society, and even unprintable in the pages of a station magazine, to which usually a wide license is indulgently granted. These words form the main stock-in-trade of a certain type, and though one cannot restrain a certain respect for his ability to use these words more times than one would believe possible even in the shortest of sentences, it is also interesting to observe that when this type is placed in respectable society, and thus by force of circumstances robbed of his flowers of speech, he invariably gives the impression of a stranger speaking haltingly in a foreign tongue. Another aspect not to be disregarded is the fact that the Canadians, who complain of the obscurity of many of our national idioms, find no difficulty at all in connection with these expressions, and it is an ironical comment on our boasted civilization that such is the case. Perhaps these words form the only real universal language.

It is possible to imagine a situation arising in the future when an ex-member of the R.A.F. might instruct his typist to "tell that wallah in the Sales Dept. to stop binding me by shooting a phoney line, but divvy up with the pukka gen, before I shoot him down in flames."

—B.B.



**we  
know  
this isn't  
good . . . . .  
it's your  
fault  
as much as  
ours. . . . .**

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to do a  
better job  
next time.**

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required**



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